

## Huskies Are Here To Resume Halpenny Series

### Dramat Promises a Funfest; Spring Play to Be Real Riot According to Advance Notices

E. M. Jones and "Babe" Duff Busily Putting Finishing Touches on Domestic Comedy "Three-Cornered Moon," by Gertrude Tonkonogy

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, FEB. 9 AND 10

Two Freshmen Play Leading Roles—Folinsbee, Stewart and Saks Are Three Corners of Love Triangle—To be in Convocation Hall

By Naomi Lang

Big campus news next week will be the Dramatic Society's presentation "Three-Cornered Moon," and this is an event all students have been looking forward to for many weeks. Friday and Saturday evening, Feb. 9 and 10, this comedy will be staged before audiences in Convocation Hall. Tickets go on sale in the basement of the Arts Building Monday, and you will be well advised to secure your seats as early as possible, for the play is sure to be a popular one.

### Annual Engineer Hoedown Billed For Friday Night

Original Motive Created for Dance as All Classes Contribute

STAN INGLIS PLAYS

Brilliant Suspension Bridge Featured at Entrance to Hall

By B. Mason

Over a suspension bridge built in true engineering style those clannish Engineers will show their ladies fair Friday evening to their very own formal dance. Quite the social event of the season is the faculty's "shindig," and a feather in the cap of every co-ed who attends.

Surely you have noticed the steady stream of those "marked men" whizzing to the south lab muttering strange things like "Must hurry or we can't finish that silhouette," or "That flotation unit won't work unless we get busy on it." The results of all these stolen hours (for April is fast approaching), mutterings and planings is, of course, the Engineers' Ball.

Like a federal project is the arched suspension bridge that the civil engineers have created. Exactly the right atmosphere will be created by this structure, and in no better way could this branch of the "he-man" faculty identify itself.

Glass Brewery

From a model glass brewery built by the chemical engineers punch will be served, while these practical-minded men have also constructed a huge silhouette, twenty feet long, of a smelter which captures the prominent place in the evening's decorative scheme.

Being what they are, the miners made an apt choice in their flotation unit with its foam spilling here and there. The orchestra facade with its miners' picks, shovels, and cars, will add to the reality of the scene.

The crowning effect of the amalgamation of these features will be the electrical engineers' ingenious idea—transmission lights.

How proudly they strut and how beautifully they brag, the Applied Scientists, that the decorations are creations of their own ingenuity, fashioned by themselves alone.

Known by all who wear the light green as "the engineer's bible," the slide-ruler has its place in the evening's doings, patterning the programs. But its deductions are romantic and not calculable for a change bearing such terminology as "Faithful" and "Careless."

In the receiving line will be Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr, Mrs. Pitcher and Mrs. Webb.

With Stan English and his Men of Note rendering the musical mood, the Engineers' pride in their gala affair promises to be well justified.

#### SASKATCHEWAN HUSKIES

Buckwold (4)	Goal
Brent (2)	Defence
Powell (8)	"
Culham (9)	"
McLeod (3)	"
Wycheley (7)	Centre
Mahaffey (10)	Left wing
Downing (5)	"
McMorris (6)	Centre
Rich (1)	Right wing
Loughridge (12)	"
Reg. Brehaut	Utility
Thompson	Coach
	Manager

#### ALBERTA GOLDEN BEARS

(0) Macdonell
(3) MacKay
(1) Stark
(2) Costigan
(11) Santopinto
(4) Stanley
(5) Stuart
(9) Crowder
(7) Chesney
(6) Felstead
(8) McDiarmid
Darling
Stan Moher
Haddad

#### DIRECTS SPRING PLAY



E. Maldwyn Jones presents "Three-Cornered Moon" before University audiences next week-end. Mr. Jones is director of the Spring Play this term, and has been busy rehearsing his cast for months.

#### DRAMAT OFFICIAL



Lorraine Colgrove, Calgary, who is vice-president of the Dramatic Society. Miss Colgrove is a third year Arts student, and is prominent in campus theatricals. She is laying plans for the "Three-Cornered Moon."

#### ASSISTANT DIRECTOR



Olive "Babe" Duff, Calgary, who is Assistant Director of the Dramatic Society's current production, "The Three-Cornered Moon." A first year student, she will make her debut in University dramatics with the Spring Play this season.

#### ORGANIZES ALUMNI



Ken Madsen, Alberta Commerce graduate, is organizing a new branch of the Alberta Alumni Association in Toronto. He is a prominent young business executive in the eastern city.

## Lt.-Gov. Opens \$80,000 Brock Memorial Building at U.B.C.

Third Building on Coast Campus Built and Financed by Student Effort

Vancouver, Jan. 31 (C.U.P.).—Third building of the University of British Columbia campus to be built by student effort and financing was formally opened here today, when His Honor Eric W. Hamber, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, turned the official key in the lock of the main door to the building, following a colorful ceremony in the University Theatre.

The \$80,000 Brock Memorial Student Union building, financed entirely by the students of the University on funds secured by bond issue, from public and student subscriptions and from donations from faculty members, alumnae and summer session students, is the climaxing symbol of a ten-year campus dream for which both men and women students have consistently campaigned.

The building, a modernistic two-story permanent structure, was completed during the winter months on an \$80,000 bond issue raised by the Alma Mater Society on the basic finances of a \$50,000 building fund and a \$29,000 grant from the Board of Governors to be paid in ten equal yearly instalments. The body of the building fund was made up of an original \$15,000 bond issue by the Alma Mater Society, \$10,000 by the Women's Undergraduate Society, and \$25,000 raised by the students in their long campaign by public and private subscription. Today it is officially turned over to the University by the Alma Mater Society, as already has been the \$40,000 stadium built by student funds in 1939, to accompany the stadium grounds constructed in 1929 by students at a cost of \$19,000, and the \$40,000 gymnasium built with student funds in 1929.

The completed Memorial Union Building contains a main ballroom with adjacent dining rooms and kitchens in the main part of the structure. Two wings at either end, two storeys high with basement rooms underneath, provide commodious accommodation for offices of all major student activities.

Today, at one of the most impressive ceremonies ever to be witnessed

### \*1000 Words on A Water Fountain\*

Just outside the library door in the Arts rotunda stands Class '32's gift to the university—a drinking fountain. It seems probable that this was a suitable memento for Class '32 to present to their alma mater, for being a thirsty class they doubtless realized (by application of their impressive knowledge of logic) that future graduating classes would also be of a drinking nature. So they erected a fountain (not soda) for their unseen drinking companions.

Like horses at a watering trough, (and often with little better manners) hundreds of students pause daily to gulp down their share of the free beverage. This fountain has seen many different drinking techniques—does not include froth blowing, but probably the most peculiar was the delicate method employed by the Engineers last year.

#### Popular Method

Most popular is the corner sucking method. The thirsty individual edges carefully into the corner next the wall, and just as carefully sucks in his supply. Such a sucking technique is designed for "suckers," and although it is not recognized by the Association for the Swallowing of Bar-flies, it has two advantages over other systems. It avoids any danger of a kick from the rear, and also the possibility of drowning in a mouthful of water.

Other more daring students (the kind who skip lectures) use the inhaling system, but this tends to become habit forming as with tobacco smoke, and should therefore be discouraged. In spite of the noise caused in using this system, the embarrassing and uncomfortable experience of running out of breath while drinking is avoided.

Never pause for breath while drinking at this fountain. Such recklessness always results in disastrous consequences for invariably water is forced from nozzle into schnozzle, and from there to the lungs where it causes smoker's cough, poliomyelitis of the small toenails, or water on the knee.

An Arts junior steps confidently up, turns on the flow of water, and chokes loudly as the stream spurts a foot into the air. Determined he renews the attack from a flank position, taking care at the same time not to turn the water on so hard. Here is a simple (very simple I thought) application of the reasoning powers learned in an Arts course. But here comes an Engineer. He stoops to drink, but draws back suddenly when the slide-rule protruding from the breast pocket of his suitcoat jams into his gullet. After removing this obstruction and drinking more than his fill (Engineers are famed for this) the student struggles back to Convocation hall, leaving a trail of water drops from a dripping chin behind him.

#### Special Methods

An honors Chem. student sneaks nervously toward Class '32's gift. Obviously greatly hampered by asthma (lisp when you say that parner), result of a recent gas attack in Med. 225, he sips small mouthfuls of water between agonized gasps for air. Finally, when he sounds like a drowning swimmer going under for the third time, he yields his position to a waiting Aggie Freshman. No doubt accustomed to washing under the home-stead pump, the eager Aggie seems unaware of the fact that he is washing his neck and ears at a public fountain. Straightening up he dries mouth with one sweep of the sleeve of his suitcoat.

Natty in brown tweeds, a lawyer swaggers up. He scowls distastefully at the first swig, and lets most of it drip back into the basin. Remembering greener pastures in the downtown district, the future crown prosecutor dashes back to the law library in search of congenial companions.

This was indeed a useful and thoughtful gift that Class '32 donated to the University undergraduates, but it is also a dangerous device, and to avoid possible drowning fatalities in the future, Class '40 would be well advised to provide a pull-motor attachment instead of 400 mortarboards.

#### STUDENT RELIGIOUS

##### MEET IS PLANNED

Conference of University, Normal and High School students will be held in the First Baptist church Feb. 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Inter-School and Inter-Varsity Student Christian Fellowship.

C. Stacey Woods, B.A., B.Th., general secretary of the Fellowship for Canada and the United States, will be guest speaker at the conference, and will take part in the discussions and services that feature the gathering.

Student services will be held in the Edmonton Normal School at 2:30 p.m. Sunday, when Mr. Woods will be the main speaker.

Mr. Stacey will address the group.

### Ready to Clash With Bears For First Time This Year; Aim At Intercollegiate Supremacy

Saskatchewanites Bring Light Squad to Tackle Defenders of the Halpenny Trophy and Overwhelming Conquerors of Manitoba's Bisons—Campus Enthusiasm High

GAMES FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

Moher's Men of Might Confident of Retaining Championship—Hope to Repeat Success They Had With Manitoba

By Malcolm Bow

Campus hockey fever, which has ebbed considerably since the recent visit of the Manitoba Bisons, is expected to reach a new high this Friday when the Green and White Saskatchewan wave breaks against a waiting barrier of Green and Gold. The Halpenny Trophy, object of many hotly contested series between these two teams, will be at stake, and the Huskies are confident of their ability to take home the honors this year.

After decisively defeating Manitoba's challengers, Alberta's Golden Bears are ready to tackle the new threat to their intercollegiate hockey supremacy, and will be at full strength for the opening encounter, which is scheduled for 8 p.m. in the Varsity arena.

#### Arrived Friday

Saskatoon's representatives arrived in town Friday morning, so Coach Reg. Brehaut will likely call a light practice before game time in order to allow his players to get used to the local ice surface. Brehaut is well known in Canadian hockey circles for he led the Huskies into the Allan Cup finals in 1924, and has also had considerable success with the famous Saskatoon Wesleys. It was in 1924 also that Saskatchewan last won the Halpenny Trophy, but since that year the cup has remained at Alberta.

Huskies also trounced the Manitoba entry this year in convincing fashion, and are expected to give Alberta a real battle in this series. The Bears, making their last intercollegiate home stand for the present winter, will be out to pile up as big a margin as possible before they make a tour of the university circuit. Coach Stan Moher has already convinced Green and Gold supporters that they have one of the best teams in the history of the Alberta ice sport, but backers of the Green and Gold will not be taking the Saskatchewan menace lightly.

Officials stated that on previous occasions the Huskies had proven that they were quite capable of entertaining themselves, and that no definite plans have yet been made for the visitors. The boys will be guests of the University for one meal in Athabasca Hall, and some unofficial celebration will be held by both teams after the concluding battle Saturday afternoon. Saskatchewan are likely to be quite satisfied with their trip, however, if they are able to gain one decision over the Alberta team.

#### Good Ice

For the benefit of campus hockey fans, Jack Frost is staging a comeback, and everything points to ideal ice conditions when the puck is faced off Friday night. Big crowds are expected for both games, but most enthusiasm will be evident for the opening game when strength of the opposition is still an unknown quantity. Eleven men are making the trip with the Saskatchewan Huskies, and indications from U. of S. are that some real hockey talent will skate onto the Varsity arena.

Moher's squad have just emerged from a three-game slump which saw their big lead in the Intermediate League dwindle to two points, but a 9-3 victory over the Medico Welders in their most recent effort lent strength to the opinion that the Bears are again on the warpath. No such big scores as were run up against the Bisons are contemplated by the local experts, but opinion seems to be that the Alberta band have what it takes to keep the Halpenny Trophy here. Saskatoon is noted as the source of much of the country's best hockey talent (ask the E.A.C.), and the U. of S. players will present a strong, well coached team for the series.

Leaving here about the middle of this month, the Golden Bears will pay a return visit to the Saskatchewan campus, and will then travel on to meet the Manitoba Bisons in their final two-game series. Leaders of both the Intercollegiate and Intermediate leagues, Varsity will have to be at their best to keep up the present pace, for they meet some strong opposition in a well packed hockey schedule for the rest of the winter season.

#### DEBATING CHANGES ARE ANNOUNCED

Result of a recent meeting of the University Debating Society, the following changes have been made in the interfaculty debating set-up. No definite series of debates will be arranged as has been the case in other years, and challenges for the Huggill Cup will be made by teams representing various University faculties.

### Philharmonic At Calgary, Week-End Performance

Dickson and Ireland Handle Ticket Sale for Showing in Southern City

IN WESTERN CANADA SCHOOL

111 Members of Company Make Trip to Produce "Iolanthe" for Southerners

Calgary music lovers will have an opportunity to see the University Philharmonic Society's latest opera success, when "Iolanthe" is staged there this week-end. Entire personnel of the production will journey to the southern city for three performances to be given Friday and Saturday evenings, with a matinee Saturday afternoon.

While ticket sales for the showing in Calgary have not been particularly heavy to date, a last minute rush to reserve seats is expected. Ken Dickson, Alberta law graduate, is in charge of the seat sale and arrangements for publicity for the venture are in the hands of Bill Ireland, also a graduate of this University. Offices for the ticket reservations are at Heintzman's music store in Calgary.

#### One Hundred Travel

One hundred and eleven members of the Society are making the trip, and they will be accommodated in special cars added to the regular "Chinook" train for the south. A 32 piece orchestra, 10 principals, stage assistants, electricians, executives, directors, and two large choruses, move into Calgary for the week-end, and are confident of putting over an even better show than students saw here last week. No changes will be made in the cast or in the routine of the performances. Scenery and properties required for the staging of "Iolanthe" are being taken along with the players, so that everything will be complete for the Calgary debut.

Western Canada High School auditorium with a seating capacity of about 1200 is the theatre of action, and the University players will have a splendid opportunity to appear at their best. Stage of this auditorium is much better suited to this kind of production, as it is larger and deeper than the setup in Convocation Hall, and offers much better facilities for dramatic and choral work. Those who made the trip last year are loud in their praises of conditions at the Calgary high school. A short rehearsal has been arranged before the opening going on stage. In view of the fact that the cast has already put the opera over successfully four times, a polished performance is looked for in the southern city.

During their stay in Calgary, the entire company will stay at the York Hotel, but a few of those students who make their homes there or who plan to spend the time with relatives or friends, will be billeted outside. Philharmonic are taking their own make-up artists along, and the party leaves Calgary Sunday evening to be on hand for Monday's classes.

#### AGGIES PLAN ANNUAL BANQUET

Wednesday, Feb. 7, is the date of the Annual Agricultural Banquet, being held at the Corona Hotel Banquet Room at 6:30 p.m. The banquet has long been rated the highlight of the year, and it is expected that this year's function will be no exception.

An excellent program has been arranged by the executive. After dinner speeches and toasts are definitely to be short.

#### NOTICE

Full page of University news compiled by staff reporters of The Gateway will appear in Saturday's edition of the Edmonton Journal.



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## ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The University of Alberta Alumni Association, and Mr. G. B. Taylor, secretary of the organization, in particular, are to be congratulated for the decision to inaugurate a new branch at Toronto. It is to be hoped that the efforts of Mr. Taylor and the organization committee in the east, headed by a former graduate, Jack Tuck, will be successful in adding another buttress to the already active association. Local officials of the organization, which is a link between ex-students and their Alma Mater, have contacted over two hundred former students at this University and now residents of Toronto and vicinity to obtain an expression of opinion from that quarter in respect of the formation of the Toronto branch, and have reported a very encouraging reception.

Unfortunately, a great number of students at present attending the University are either unaware of the existence of the association or make the mistake of underestimating its importance as a branch of student activities. The work it has done for graduates since it was first organized is extensive. During past years, mainly through the efforts of the secretary, former students have been able to keep in touch with the activities of their old classmates after graduation, and the developments right at home on the campus. Until recently, the association's publication, "The Trail," was a commendable item in the association's program, which aims to aid in the continuance of the fellowship of students which began on the campus during their post-graduate careers. It is to be hoped that publication of "The Trail," which ceased some time ago, will be resumed after the executive meeting to be held here soon.

By inaugurating a new branch, the association has shown that, far from being on its last legs, it is still "in business at the old stand," and that its plans call for increased activity which will render still greater service to Alberta alumni in the future. The news will be encouraging to all its present members, its officials, and finally, to those students now on the campus who shortly will become affiliated with the organization.

## \$800 FOR HEADGEAR!

The recent action of Council by which it was decided that mortar boards were to be introduced on this campus as an item in official Convocation dress has met with considerable criticism among students. At that time, it was indicated that four hundred mortar boards would be purchased at a cost of approximately \$2.00 apiece. This outlay, it was thought, would pay for itself within two or three years, the necessary funds to turn an eight hundred dollar expenditure into an annual profit for the Students' Union to come from rental fees every spring and a gift of one hundred dollars from this year's graduating class.

There have been rumors that petitions signed by certain members of the Senior Class have been circulating about the campus in protest to the action of Council. The Gateway has been able to locate only one of the petitions to date, and outside of that has found that the alleged protests have been confined to "bull-sessions" and other informal discussions. The fact remains, however, that there is a distinct note of criticism present in student opinion in

## CASSEROLE

When a girl puts her best foot forward she must have a good leg to stand on.

Co-ed—The light of love is in my eyes, darling.  
Sandy—Then now's the time to save on electricity.

All men are not fools. Some are bachelors.

Cop—You're under arrest, sister.  
Dancer—My goodness!  
Cop—Now! Vice versa.

"Angel, you're one girl in a million."  
"What! Have you 999,999 others?"

A nice shawl sets off a girl's figure, provided that's shawl she wears.

"Would you go to any lengths for a kiss?"  
"No, I prefer little women."

Cutey—My may, how do you keep your permanent so nice and neat?

Cuter—That's easy. My boy-friend's bashful.

The tough thing about going on a bend is that usually you have so many things to straighten out in the morning.

Co-ed—Remember, darling, there's a certain art in kissing.

Senior—Yes, and I'm an art collector.

"Last night Jerry pestered me for a kiss."  
"Did you weaken?"

"You bet! I weakened Jerry."

After Wednesday: Give a girl an inch and she'll make a bathing suit out of it.

Artists' models are girls who are unsuited to their work.

Nice figures are hot numbers.

respect of mortar boards for Convocation.

Council has figured out a plan whereby they declare that the mortar boards will pay for themselves within two or three years. But in the face of the figures they have quoted and the technicalities of the scheme they have made public, it would seem that in reality they would merely be "robbing Peter to pay Paul." The principal objection, as far as we have been able to ascertain, on the part of the students is that graduates will be asked to pay a small fee extra, in addition to the already too extravagant outlay which is asked by both the University and Students' Council to cover the expenses of an expensive graduation and Convocation program. Fifty cents is not actually a great deal to ask of students; but they apparently feel that they cannot accept without protest this extra charge for something which they think will not add anything of value to Convocation ceremonies.

However, The Gateway has learned from authoritative quarters that the mortar boards will not replace the hood as an item of Convocation garb. The cap will probably be worn by each graduand during the whole ceremony, and following recognized procedure, the hood will be placed over his or her shoulders at the proper time. By reason of this, rather than detracting from the color and dignity of the occasion, the new proposal will add to the impression received by both those who take part in it as students and faculty and the spectators who have come to watch the number one ceremony of the University.

Promoters of the new scheme are to be congratulated for their effort to introduce an additional item that will maintain and add to the traditional dignity which should be identified with Convocation. Students who are reluctant to pay the small extra fee for mortar boards must consider if they would be willing to sacrifice because of a few cents the opportunity to help put the quality of Convocation formalities on a higher plane even than they have been in previous years.

## EDITORIAL SQUIBS

Alberta students will not admit that the war has taken their thoughts away from their work. Nor prospects of a Federal election either. But what really hurts them is the "June in January" weather they have been basking in during the early part of the week. It is probable that with these warm, moonlit nights which helped turn the ice at the Varsity rink into a swimming pool last Monday, there is less work being done than even during that fateful Sadie Hawkins' Week last fall.

Looking back! Do you remember these old-timers which were featured by Edmonton's theatres fifteen years ago? From the files of the Edmonton Journal, they are: Milton Sills in "The Sea-Hawk," Norma Talmadge in "Within the Law," and Buck Jones in "The Desert Outlaw." Definitely before the days of the "Hot Lips" series, or the "little princess Charming," starring Shirley Temple thrillers.

## PASTE and SCISSORS

by TOM MASON

Hope that by the time this sees print there will be a good sheet of ice in the Varsity rink so that the speedy hockey warriors from the University of Saskatchewan will be able to show at their best clip. Huskies constitute the only real threat to the Bears, having twice defeated the University of Manitoba Bisons. So-o-o the Green and Gold and the Green and White are tied in their race for the Halpenny trophy. This will be a different sort of hockey team that the one Manitoba sent up here. Bisons have a tendency to fold in the clutch. If the Bears don't get back to their earlier form this series may be an upset. If the Alberta team plays the hockey it is capable of it should win easily.

International Jigsaw: So Adolph Hitler (you've heard of him, have you not) has his birthday party all planned. On this joyful day, April 20, Europe's Orson Welles plans to be known as Emperor of the Reich and Austria, king of Poland and Great Britain. Talk about reaching for the moon!

Bad weather hasn't helped the Allied cause much lately. That storm over the British Isles was just about made to order for Nazi air raiders. Maybe we should sign a non-aggression pact with the weatherman.

Hoping that Walter Winchell will sue this column for infringement of copyright or anything like that, we present one of his little stories. It seems that some German troops stationed on the Swiss border one night dumped all their garbage on the Swiss side of the border. The Swiss made no comment. The next morning the Germans found, parked on their side of the border, a large cask of fresh butter with the following note attached, "Each country exports its best products."

Story of the week: In a little town in Eastern Ontario there was published a weekly newspaper some 30 years ago. The editor of this publication was a kindly, even tempered old gentleman who never said a harsh word about anyone or anything. About 1909 a visiting com-

pany of actors staged "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the local theatre. Said our editor in the next day's paper, "We were favored yesterday by a performance in the local theatre by a visiting troupe who gave a rendition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All we can find to say is that we feel the two bloodhounds received very poor support."

Enjoyed, as usual, the inter-faculty boxing and wrestling meet Wednesday night. Saw two boxers who impressed us very much—Otto Hauck and Jack Payne. Both of these boys could have scored knockouts but neither of them wished to damage his opponent too badly. I'll lay money on these two boys to clean up on any intercollegiate opposition.

The philharmonic really scored a smashing triumph with their presentation of "Iolanthe." It would be a waste of words to heap more words of praise on the cast here. We would like to see Mr. Flumerfelt learn something about acting. With a better stage presence he could do a great deal to put over his excellent singing voice.

We're looking forward to the Spring play. After two rather aborted efforts the past two years in which we saw Shakespeare horribly mistreated and an insipid effort of Oscar Wilde's, it should be a pleasure to witness a real comedy. We have a talented group of thespians here. It is a pity to waste their talents.

The flickers: George Brent utters a beautiful piece of philosophy. Says the noted actor: "You can't eat electric lights. I'll never complain about my name not being up on the theatre marquees as long as it is on the studio paycheck each week. And I can best keep it on the paycheck by concentrating on my acting job and not worrying about star billing."

Before we go: Bears will have the Halpenny trophy put away in the old knapsack by about five o'clock Saturday afternoon.

## Oh! The Vices of The Ever Offending Masculine Human

By Queena Wershof

This reporting business certainly has a lot of angles to it. Some of the assignments they gave you—well, honestly. Take my latest, for instance. "What do girls like and dislike about boys?" Everybody knows that girls never tell the truth about boys anyway, so why ask them?

But a job is a job, and taking my courage in both hands (And I could have used a few more) I accepted the first piece of femininity that passed my way and popped the question. I guess her mammy had warned her about speaking to strange men though, because she sorta looked me up and down and then left me standing there, gaping—or however they say it in books. That wasn't such a good start.

Going over to Tuck to console myself, I bumped into Jane. Ha, thought I, just the person. But I was doomed to disappointment. It seems she has met the man, and giving me a dreamy look, she said: But I like everything about him. He's perfect." Could you imagine?

And then, when I felt so low, I thought I might as well stop in at a lecture, success came—but such success. I didn't know when I was well off. One girl said to me with a sour look of reminiscence "I'll write you a book on the subject. And the others seemed to think along the same lines, because before I knew what happened I got so swamped that it took them a week to dig me out. (Alright—six days then).

And here are some of their pet peeves. Do you think you can take them? Well, hold your hats, here we go.

They dislike general untidy appearance: Dirty finger nails, ungartered socks; unshavenness; green ties and blue shirts, or vice versa; absence of a shoe shine; baggy trousers; unkempt hair.

We don't like boys who use abusive language and revert to filthy humor in mixed company. Neither do we like the type who shows such a lack of respect that he will call for the girl so full of good cheer, that he can hardly find the door.

We don't like people who chew gum abominably, who slaps one on the back in greeting—resulting in one or two teeth dropping out; or who break dates at the last minute.

We don't like the airy escort who takes us to a dance then gaily announces that he can't dance. Neither do we care to hear about all the hearts he's broken. And thumbs down on the boy who doesn't like you to wear bright clothes, but always dances with the gals that do.

Are you still with me? Here we go again.

We don't like the type of male who does not want to go to a formal because it means dressing up. And the boy who phones us up at the last minute, even though he intended to date us up all the time.

Give us a man who can keep up his end of the conversation; who

does not put his arm along the back of the seat in the street car; who don't ask us out and then spend half the night "letting us decide" what we want to do.

We don't like the man who stops to talk for an hour or two with every girl or boy he meets when you are out walking; who ignores us on a date and pays flattering attention to the other girls of the party. And phoo to the boy who honks outside the house and expects you to come whipping out at once.

Pardon me while I catch my breath.

We dislike conceitedness and egotism. We dislike people who arrive an hour early or an hour late.

We'd much prefer to go to less expensive amusements oftener than paint the town red and then stay home for the next months.

We like boys with personality; with a sense of humor.

We do appreciate little courtesies: assisting in putting on or removing coats; opening doors; allowing the girl to walk ahead—But getting off first on the street car; giving compliments now and then; being attentive at parties and seeing that the girl is never left alone.

We don't like boys who get angry when they don't get their own way—Especially in the matter of osculation, who pass out or act disgusting when drunk.

And finally, here is a plea from several coeds. If you can't afford to take us out, we'd enjoy having you down to the house. Or going out even for a walk, or just a coke. (Something is better than nothing). On the other hand, please don't go to the opposite extreme and never take a girl out.

## Don't Forget

to make up a party of your friends and bring the whole gang to

## ENTRE NOUS

By MELVIN NELSON

Seattle, Jan. 30.

SO MARRIAGE IS A PIPE-DREAM. All because men are either bad, fastidious, good, or just men. Bad men want their girls to be like cigarettes—trim and slender, all in a row to be picked from at will, set aflame, caressed until the flame subsides and then discarded for another. The fastidious man wants a woman more like his cigar, expensive and better appearing. He chooses only the best brands as they are more satisfying and last longer. But the good man wants his women to be like his pipe—something he becomes attached to and takes care of lawfully. A man will give you a cigarette, offer you a cigar, but he does not share his pipe.

And if he doesn't smoke—he's just a man.

TO HAVE A RING-SIDE SEAT at an auto accident is a mighty good traffic lesson. Every day the papers are full of news dealing with auto smash-ups yet it's seldom that John Q. Public actually gets to see one—a glimpse of the after effects is usually about all he sees, and they don't hit home.

If more motorists witnessed the real thing as it took place, the times they tried to beat a red light would take quite a reduction.

Even a minor accident, not necessarily a fatal one, is sufficient. A woman at the wheel of a peppy new car, too much speed and a street-car crossing the intersection. She slams on her brakes and the wheel lock with a screech. Before she can think her car is out of control on the wet pavement, careening for the guard-rail in a dizzy skid. Things happen. You can't take your eyes off that car. With a crash it slaps up against heavy concrete posts that push in the side of the car as if it were tin-foil. Action does not stop there, it lasts for ages. Miraculously it remains right side up, heaving in giant lunges first from two side wheels and then the other, then squashing down in one final dismaying smash.

And for a long time you remember a pale-faced woman slumped behind a crushed steering wheel, clutching at her head with both her hands.

"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO" the latest light opera presentation on this campus is being especially well received. "The Marriage of Figaro" is a grand opera written by Mozart. His delightful music was retained in the comic opera version, and when used with the mirifical plot of Beaumarchais a new, modern, colorful performance was

achieved by the university players. It left us with the same feeling as "The Yeomen of the Guard" as presented last year by the U. of A. Philharmonic Society. As a production of this type it rates very favorably with "Iolanthe" and "The Mikado" and is exceptionally well suited for university playing.

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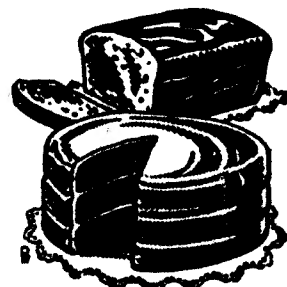
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## Where a Man's Leg Ought to be ----

It was a cool afternoon on November 23rd, the first year of the war, when we up anchored and steamed out of Pernambuco with our hold full of coffee. I always remember that date because it was O'Sullivan's birthday and he came on board plastered to the eyeballs. The old man was sore as blazes. He'd held the tub over three hours already and swore that if O'Sullivan didn't turn up goddam soon he'd sail for Liverpool without him. Of course, no one took the old man seriously. He and O'Sullivan had sailed together for 30 years—used to haul ropes together on a square rigger. And even though old man Fenerty had risen to be a captain in the merchant service and O'Sullivan had remained an A.B., there was a bond between them that couldn't be broken. And that was a funny thing, because O'Sullivan didn't give a damn for religion and said he got all the solace he needed out of his own hip pocket; while the old man wouldn't touch a drop of alcohol, he was always praying; except when he was swearing at the men. Since the last voyage the old man's soul had been saved by some society or other and he wouldn't eat meat or kill any living thing, except the odd cockroach in his cabin. So it was strange that they had stuck it out together so long.

Well, as I said before, when O'Sullivan came aboard he was lit from stem to stern, mostly in the stern. How he staggered up the gangplank I don't know, because he leg insisted on going the way the other one didn't want to go. The third mate collared him about then and hustled him below. Mean-

while, the old man, cursing and muttering under his breath, gave the orders to cast off.

That's how it started. The next morning we was well out in the Atlantic. The weather had cleared somewhat and there was a bit of a swell running. But the ship rode it pretty nice and it looked like we was going to have a fair crossing, to start with, anyway. I was splicing some of the tackle on a star-board lifeboat and happened to glance up at the bridge. The old man was looking out way ahead, like he always does when he's got a chew of tobacco. I seen him spit into the wind; and he done it so slick it didn't have a dog's chance of coming back. Then he turned, and said something to the first mate. The mate was pointing down off the larboard bow where O'Sullivan was scrubbing one of the ventilators. O'Sullivan must have seen what the first mate was pointing at because he dropped his bucket, hollered, "My God, a torpedo, and lit out for the life preservers. A couple of the boys grabbed him and nailed him to the deck. They must have thought he had the d.t.'s because I heard one of them say, "Shut up, you fool, or the old man will have you in irons."

"I tell you I saw a torpedo, headin' right this way," shouted O'Sullivan, "Let me get a belt for the love of God."

"You'll get iron rations if you don't shut up. There ain't no torpedoes in these waters. What you saw was a shark; they're as common as mackerel."

Well, they got O'Sullivan calmed down after awhile, but he kept glancing overboard to see if that big shark was still there. And sure enough, it was; and it was plenty big. O'Sullivan didn't like that. Sharks was all right, mind you, providing they was dead. But if they ain't dead they can make a man feel mighty embarrassed if his foot slips on the rail. And it looked like this big devil was set on making one of us bluish, because he followed us all that day and all the next. O'Sullivan was getting worried; it was bad luck to have a shark on your tail during the first part of a voyage.

Every time O'Sullivan looked overboard the shark would flash the white of his belly as he rolled over. O'Sullivan swore it grinned hungrily at him; and forgetting himself one time he yanked off a rubber boot and hurled it over the side. There was a surge of foam as the shark took the boot, swallowing it just like there was a leg inside. O'Sullivan turned kinda sick and left the rail.

The old man heard about it pretty soon. He always heard everything especially about O'Sullivan. So he asks the third mate what it's all about and the third mate tells him that O'Sullivan don't like the shark. Now the old man ain't superstitious, but he don't like sharks either, so he says the shark would have to be disposed of. Fine, says the third mate, he'd get out a rifle. But the old man said that wouldn't do. After all, the shark was one of God's creatures and wasn't doing any harm. The first mate asks him what he thought the

## NO MAN'S LAND

by  
NAOMI LANG

Back to work again! We've often regretted the fact that there is only one Betty Cooper, but never so much as now. Still we might as well count our blessings—one guest column is certainly better than no guest column at all. And Betty's generosity last week gave the readers of No Man's Land, not to mention its preceptor, a much-needed rest. Many thanks, Miss Cooper. Are you listenin'?

Where ignorance is bliss, why spend your money on expensive flowers? Two feminine members of that vague and indefinite body, the "younger set" were getting ready for their first formal party. They had the house to themselves, their parents having wisely withdrawn for a little time. In due course the corsages arrived—one of roses and one an orchid. The happiness of the pair was complete. Arriving home a little later, the aforementioned parents were greeted by the recipient of the roses, who rushed downstairs shrieking, "Look mother, look at my roses! Aren't they lovely? And Jennie got the biggest violet you ever saw!"

A Pembinita is responsible for the current definition of a Negro jitterbug: "Hot, chocolate."

Understand that one of the bouquets presented at Saturday's performance of Iolanthe went astray. It was intended for one of

shark would do if another of God's creatures fell overboard. But the old man says something about loving thy brother as thyself, and wouldn't have him shot. Well, asks the first mate, how can we tactfully tell brother shark that he ain't wanted no more? Feed him, replies the old man, feed him 'till he's busting, then maybe he'll go away.

So they fetched up a barrel of pork and tossed big chunks of it into the sea. The shark took to it like a kid to a lolly-pop. After awhile he got tired of salt pork and wouldn't touch no more. But he wouldn't leave the ship, either, just followed alongside, the same as ever. The first mate asks the old man what he'd better do about it and the old man says to keep feeding him. But Brother's getting tired of salt pork, says the mate; besides, the pork's a bit salty and brother ain't had a drop to drink. Maybe if he was to fetch up a keg of rum—At this the old man blows up and tells the mate to get the hell off the bridge.

Well, the next day the sea came up a little choppy and it looked like the passage north wasn't going to be so smooth after all. We still had the shark, and O'Sullivan and the old man still had the jitters. That shark stuck to us like a dog to a butcher shop, and I guess I don't blame him. It ain't every shark can have his meals served up from a barrel in nice thin strips so he don't have to chew so hard. The boys tried everything to drive him off. They towed a line when the old man wasn't looking; but he'd turn over on his belly and snatch the bait right off the hook. They even tried a bit of horse radish, and he took that too. One time O'Sullivan was tightening down the hatches and threw a wrench at him. The shark went for it like it was O'Sullivan himself and took it down in one nice easy gulp. Seems like the shark had lots of spunk and a tough set of innards. There wasn't anything he wouldn't tackle and still less he wouldn't eat.

As I was saying before, the sea was a little choppy as we headed north. I was on the look-out at the time, keeping my eye peeled for any signs of a German sub. They were getting pretty slick and the other day had sunk a freighter barely outside American waters. The old man wasn't taking any more chances that he had to. So I was stuck up there on the mast with a pair of binoculars, and a cold coming on. I don't remember exactly how it happened, it was all so sudden. But just as I was getting kinda tired, and my eyes begin to water from looking out over the sea too much, I seen something heading this way, churning up the sea as it ploughed along under the surface. It was a torpedo, and I was plenty scared. I hollered for the helmsman to swing her over hard, taking a chance on dodging the thing. But I seen it wasn't going to do any good. She'd hit us in the stern, sure as hell. I was bracing myself for the shock when it happened. O'Sullivan's shark hove into sight and lunged ahead straight towards the torpedo. Maybe he thought it was an extra big piece of animated pork, or maybe he just had a belly ache and was feeling a bit ugly. I'll never know. He met the torpedo about 50 yards off. There was a terrific explosion and a spout of water shot up like a geyser. I seen something come sailing through the air towards the ship, but didn't think anything of it at the time.

Well, there ain't much more to tell. We gave her all the steam she could take and ran for it. The submarine came to the surface about half a mile off and opened fire. But the sea was rocking her and she couldn't line up her sights any too good. Before we got away, though, she blew up a piece of the deck.

When we figured we was safe, we slowed down and cleaned up the wreckage. I was with O'Sullivan at the time, salvaging what we could of a mess of twisted rails and rigging. I seen him suddenly stoop down and pick up something black and full of jagged holes. He looked

the lads in the chorus. A tribute from his fellows in the law class.

Mr. Shaw may have a hard time keeping "Geneva" right up to date, but the Belasco Players aren't troubled that way. When asked on Friday night what had become of a little Chinaman who had appeared on Wednesday and Thursday, an actor just smiled and said, "Oh he'll be back. He's just over at the Empire looking in at the Ruth Draper show for a while."

Felt no end flattered a night or two ago when a well-known local playwright spoke to us, beginning, "You know, we do so enjoy your column, my husband and I." And then the denouncement: "It's so nice to read at last all the old jokes we've been cherishing for years!"

Don't know if we mentioned it before, but the spring play is going to be the superleagousness. Remember the dates, Feb. 9 and 10.

And now an ode:

Relativity  
There was a young lady named Bright  
Who could travel much faster than light.

She started one day  
In the relative way,  
And came back the previous night.  
—It's Anonymous.



Editor, The Gateway,

Dear Sir: In the guise of an attack on the editorial comment appearing in the Gateway, an attack has also been made on the decision of the Students' Council to purchase, with the help of the Senior Class, of mortboards to be used at graduation ceremonies. Criticism has also come from many other quarters and there are rumors of petitions and protests to Council for its action. At time of writing no petitions have been submitted to Council and no definite action of any kind has been taken to attempt to make Council reverse its decision. The criticism is made quite obviously without a sufficient knowledge of the facts.

Two issues are involved. Firstly: should mortboards be worn at all? Secondly: if they are to be worn, should the Students' Council buy them?

To those of us who supported the proposed purchase of the headgear, the first issue (which now reappears) had been settled to our satisfaction. A Gateway poll conducted last year indicated strongly that students were in favor of the hats. While polls of this kind are notoriously insufficient, this one gave us something on which to base our opinions. University authorities, according to Keith Millar, president of the Senior Class who laid the proposal before Council, were very much in favor of the use of mortboards. Considerable work had been done by the Senior Class executive towards obtaining the students' hats, and an Edmonton business firm had been approached as to the possibility of their purchasing them and renting them to students. Finally, the Senior Class was willing, if Council decided to purchase the mortboards, to make a donation towards the cost, of 100, this to represent the class gift for this year.

In view of all these facts, the question appeared to be: Was Council to take this opportunity of improving its potential financial standing by making the investment or was it to leave the way clear for a non-university, non-student organization to make a profit of 25 per cent per annum on an investment of \$800? From a business point of view, there is obviously only one answer.

With regard to the actual cash outlay involved, the 'boards would cost this year's Council approximately 235 (the total amount to be paid by Council of \$700 was to be taken from the sinking fund and replaced over a period of three years). Making allowance for the estimated revenue of \$200 from rental of the hats this year, the actual cost to Council for the investment this year would be only 35. As to the amount taken from the sinking fund where, in the form of bonds, it is now accumulating interest at the rate of about three per cent per annum, this would replace itself through rentals in two years time and, subsidized by Council grants of \$35 for the two years, would entirely replace itself. By the spring of 1943, the sinking fund would be 50 poorer through interest lost on the amount taken out, but \$200 richer through hat rentals, leaving a profit of \$150, and a potential revenue of \$200 per annum from then until the hats wear out—and all this, because the classes of '40, '41 and '42 were willing to invest \$35 a year.

There also seems to be doubt in some quarters about the parliamentary procedure of Council. It is felt that the case of the International

kinda queer, and I don't blame him. It was a rubber boot with O'Sullivan's initials carved at the top; and there was a row of holes like a shark had bitten through it where a man's leg ought to be.

## The Girl With the Scarlet Shawl ----

I had seen her before. I was sure of it. But where? The red plaid about her legs gave no clue. Nor did the shawl about her shoulders. The fire of its scarlet wool caught and held the black of her hair. That was all I could see of her—a long sweep of black, gleaming, strong hair subtly suggesting a shoulder. And yet, deep inside me, was the certainty that I had known her, and intimately.

Half-remembered faces clouded and dissolved in my memory. Buried intimacies emerged from the darkness and shone. Where had I met her? Where had I been with her, and talked perhaps and lived? What had we known together that I should know her so completely that a suggested contour of her shoulder should be intensely significant?

I leant forward towards her and said: "Excuse me. Haven't we met before somewhere?"

She turned and looked at me. Of course I knew her. I knew her well. That translucent skin, like moonlight lying blue-white on the sea, and her mouth like faint red stars, when sometimes you are lucky enough to see them caught in the moon-trap.

"No," she said. "I don't think so."

"You must have forgotten me," I insisted. "I'm sure I've known you well. I remember your voice distinctly, as well as your eyes."

She looked at me slowly, critically I thought.

"Perhaps we've met. I've a bad memory for faces, you know. But I don't expect it matters much, do you?"

"No, I suppose not."

She smiled and looked away. But the half-conscious memory persisted.

"I'm sure I've met you. You must excuse my insistence. You know these trivial semi-recognitions are teasing. I've begun to feel it's desperately important that I place you," and I laughed.

She laughed too, looking at me though with serious, questioning eyes.

"No, I don't know you, I'm afraid. But I'm unobtrusively, I told you. I don't really notice people, so I seldom remember them. Have you been here before? Perhaps you've seen me here."

I looked at the oarsman's back as he bent to his task. Forward and back. Forward and back. No pause. The oarlocks glinted though there was no moon. I could scarcely see beyond her. She was sitting next to me; the scarlet of her shawls and mouth vivid, even in the dark. But nothing else. We were closed in, close to each other, together in the dark. There was not even any visible difference between the sea and the sky. Together they shattered our horizons—the squat curves of the boat. But I did not feel shut in. Nor did I wish the dark would lift a little so that I could see her more plainly, and the oarsman perhaps. But I wanted desperately to recognise her and know why I felt so intimate with her.

I tensed in an effort to remember. She smiled again.

"Oh come. I wouldn't let it worry you. I don't expect it matters much, do you? Perhaps you feel you know me because we're traveling alone together, like this."

"No, I'm sure it's not that. Let's see. Perhaps we were at school together?" Or we may have mutual friends?"

"Perhaps. But I don't think so. You see, I've been here for as long as I can remember."

"Look at the shine of it," she said suddenly, pointing at the oarlocks. "Lovely."

With a laugh I remembered. Thank God. It had really begun to worry me. Stupid how these things assume vital proportions.

"I've placed you," I announced triumphantly. And I laughed again. "With a bad memory for faces it's small wonder you didn't recognise me. Perhaps you'll remember when I tell you. We went swimming together, oh, a long time ago. I think. I climbed down the rocks at sunset to the beach. It was winter. I met you round the great rock shielding the little bay. You were

walking across the sand on your way to the sea. We were alone. It was cold for swimming. Not many people like swimming in cold weather. Do you remember now?"

She looked at me for a long time. But she said nothing, so I went on.

"It's all coming back to me. So clearly I can see it before me now; in sharp lines too, although, of course, it was a long time ago. Naturally, we spoke to one another, being alone together like that. And then we ran together to the sea. You wore no cap, and I wondered if you did not find your long black hair a hindrance in the water."

"The horizons were far away, smoking into an ice-white sky. Except where the sun was going down. The sun was a blood red, a true arterial blood-red. And it was small. Or it looked small on that vast, empty horizon. But it was spreading slowly into the white. Like a wound soaking through a new bandage. The sea was white too, like bandages. Or perhaps it was more like white cellophane. Except where the sun's blood shone, gleamed and shone on it. Not melting into it, you remember, but sharply differentiated. I remember you looking at it and saying, 'Look at the shine of it. Just look at the shine of it.'"

"We were wading up to our hips then. But after that we stopped talking and began to swim. Oh, I remember it clearly. I have never remembered anything as clearly in all my life. Your arms swinging out into the white water and sutting it sharp. And your long hair, black and strong, alive with the wet, curling about your neck. I remember shutting my eyes when the water stung too salt. And the little spheres glowed into shimmering seaneamones, ceasing their tentacles in the flux of the globuled dark."

I paused and shut my eyes again. God, it was so vivid that it hurt. I felt choked with clarity of sensation.

"Do you remember?" I asked.

"No," she said. "I'm afraid you must be making some mistake. You see—I cannot swim."

Good God, I thought. And I shivered. Why had she lied to me? And I looked away, afraid of her, to the oarlocks glinting in the dark.

"Are you ready?" asked the oarsman suddenly, turning round.

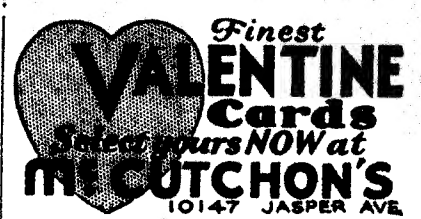
"Yes," she said.

She got up, and shed her shawls—the plaid, red and faintly blue, and the woolly scarlet. Then quite naked, she stepped over the side of the boat into the dark. My head thrilled with alarm and I shut my eyes again.

"It's all right," the oarsman said, "you're quite safe now."

I looked towards him. I could see him clearly now for it was light. He was a fisherman, I thought.

He bent over me and said, "It's all right, you're quite safe now. But you shouldn't go swimming alone, you know. Not on this west coast. The currents are dangerous, and soon it will be getting dark. You shouldn't swim alone. Luckily I was rowing this way and I saw you



struggling. Luckily the sun hadn't set yet. It's difficult to see over the sea in twilight. Come, are you warm enough? And he wrapped a plaid closer around my legs. "Don't worry. You'll soon be home safe and sound."

He sat down, and leant forward as he began to row. Forward... and back. Forward... and back. His oars cut the transparency of the sea, sharp. Over the great rocks shielding the little bay a winged moon soared into the deepening sky. The sun sank lower. It looked like a blood clot now, a blood clot through a bandage, for the horizon was like smoke. I turned from it to the squat curves of the boat.

"Come brace yourself for the voyage, my dear," he said kindly. "We'll soon be home. Look at the sun shining as we go. It's lovely. Are you ready?"

"No," I said. And dully, "I wasn't swimming alone you know. There was another girl, a friend. I met her on the beach. We were swimming together." I paused, but he said nothing, so I went on. "What are you going to do about her? Tell me, what are you going to do?"

But I don't think he heard me, for he was bending over his oars. Forward... and back. Forward... and back.

—From U.M.P.A., University of Witwatersrand.

### RUSSIAN LULLABY

A gay fellow who lived in Murmansk Asked a sweet Finnish lass to a danks. When he got to Helsinki, Before he could think, He was clapped by her dad's in the cansk.

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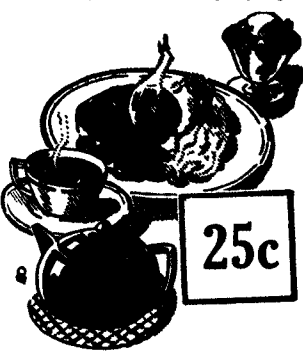
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Andrew B. Garrett,  
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# GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

## ALBERTA-MANITOBA BALL SERIES TIED UP

### Alberta Basket Squad Takes Second Game in 'Peg Series 19-18; Beaten in First 23-22

Albertans Take Commanding Lead in Early Part of Game

CAMERON AND REIKIE STAR

Wednesday night University of Alberta Golden Bears brought the two-game series in Winnipeg to a deadlock by winning 19-18. The 'Peg hoopsters captured the first game 23-22 on Tuesday.

In the first game, with Stan Cameron and Bob Reikie leading the attack, the Albertans had 12-7 at the end of the first quarter. Manitoba in the second quarter came back strongly, and at half-time the teams were tied 14 all.

Alberta had 22-21 with seconds to go, and Manitoba called time out. As the final whistle blew, Don Wilson fired a long shot which dropped through the hoop for a Manitoba victory.

Alberta checking and combination were very consistent throughout, but the 'Tobans held an edge in speed.

The high scorers of the game were Whitby of Manitoba and Cameron of the Bears with eight and seven points respectively.

In the second game, Manitoba had a chance to tie the score when Don Whitby was awarded two penalty shots, just at the final whistle. He capitalized only on one of them.

Although Alberta scored the first basket, Manitoba soon took the lead by a score of 5-2. Most of the first half Alberta had Manitoba fooled with their pet combination plays and checking, and ran in nine points before Manitoba retaliated.

The second half was closely fought, with Manitoba scoring only one field goal, Alberta two. Less than a minute from the final bell, Reikie was awarded two penalty shots, making both good.

Bob Reikie and Earl Dickson led the Bears' attack with five points each, while Younie and Cameron contributed four.

Lang, Wilson and Ashley each counted four for the Bisons. Guest, Wallace, McCallum and Whitby completed the Bisons' scoring.

The Bears now meet the Saskatchewan Huskies in a two-game series to be played this week-end. The series for the Rigby Trophy, held at present by Saskatchewan, will be completed when Manitoba travels west to play two games each with Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Next week-end the Huskies travel to Alberta and play the remaining two games between the two teams.

Lineups: Alberta—Cameron 7, Pain, McElroy 4, Reikie 6, Younie 5, Neilson, Dickson, Total, 22. Manitoba—Guest 2, Lang, Wilson 7, Ashley 5, Wallace 1, Whitby 8, McCallum, Smith, Shebeski, Stapleton, Total, 23.

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### The Glenora Skating Club presents its 15th Annual ICE SHOW - a Pantomime

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### Theatre Directory

CAPITOL THEATRE, starting Sat., Feb. 3, for one week—Max Fleischer's "Gulliver's Travels."

EMPRESS THEATRE, Mon., Feb. 5, to Wed., Feb. 7—Cesar Romero and Virginia Fields in "The Cisco Kid and the Lady," and "The City of Chance," with Lynn Bari.

STRAND THEATRE, Sat., Feb. 3 to Tues., Feb. 6—"British Intelligence," with Boris Karloff and Margaret Lindsay.

PRINCESS THEATRE, Mon., Feb. 5, to Wed., Nov. 7—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in "Tarzan Finds a Son," and Irene Dare in "Everything on Ice."

RIALTO THEATRE, starting Sat., Feb. 3—"Destry Rides Again," with Jimmy Stewart and Marlene Dietrich.

### Varsity Defeat Cards, Add to Lead In Intermediate; Stanley on Top

League Standings					
	P.	W.	L.	D.	F. A. Pts.
Varsity	9	8	1	0	61 29 16
Cardinals	8	6	2	0	37 23 12
Garrison	7	2	5	0	30 44 4
Welders	9	1	8	0	30 62 2

The Alberta Golden Bears took a four-point lead in the Intermediate League on Monday night when the Bears trimmed the Army and Navy Cardinals 3-2. Playing on porous ice, the Bears showed that they were real champions and could take it under any conditions.

Big Dave MacKay led the Bears' attack, getting the last two goals in the second and third periods.

The game was the most fantastic ever played at the Varsity rink. Several wide-open breaks for the goal were missed simply because the warriors on each side overskated the tricky puck, and failed to take advantage of the several openings.

Both goalkeepers, Macdonell in the Varsity goal and Williams for the Cards, had nightmarish experiences as the puck hopped, slid and misbehaved. Several shots that were fired towards the opponents' goal failed to reach it, as the ice was covered with water.

Jimmy Graham, veteran centre man of the Cards, scored the first goal of the game when he back-handed the puck into the net from a difficult angle. Pete Yaneu and Horne clicked for the second Cardinal goal, with Yaneu picking up a loose puck around the Bears' net.

The Bears began to dominate the play the last of the first period, and from then on had everything their own way. In the last few minutes of the first period, Santopinto scored a nice goal from Gordie Darling.

In the second period the Bears put every man on the attack, and got results when MacKay broke through the entire Cardinal team for a spectacular goal. The Bears then tried to organize power plays, but were unsuccessful, as the ice wouldn't allow the players to pass the puck unless it was raised off the ice. When MacKay got his first goal both teams were short-handed, as Stark and Foster were serving time. Stark had been put off for charging Lamme. The latter skated over to the penalty box and told Stark what he thought of him.

The Cards faded badly in the third

as the Bears swarmed all over them. At 7:47 MacKay put the Bears in the lead on a blistering drive that gave Williams no chance. Santopinto was given credit for the assist.

The Cards fought hard after that, but the Bears' defence tightened up and wouldn't let any one near the goal. Jimmy Graham was kept on the ice for the last ten minutes of the game, hoping that he may be able to tie up the encounter. In the dying moments of the game MacKay and Brant started to rough up things, and both were sent to the cooler for major penalties. The Cards then pulled Williams out of the nets and put on an extra forward, but still were held back by the Bears.

Bud Chesney was missed from the Bears' lineup, as he is out of action with a sprained knee. It is hoped, however, that Bud will be back in time for the series with the Huskies this week-end.

#### Lineups:

Varsity — Macdonell; MacKay, Stark, Costigan, Santopinto; Stuart, Stanley, Darling, McDiarmid, Crowder, Drake.

Cardinals—Williams, Frant, Foster, Wismer, Lamme, J. Graham, Davis, Walker, Horne, B. Graham, Yaneu.

Officials—Art Townsend and Bill Runge.

#### Summary

First period—1, Cardinals, Graham, 5:02; 2, Cardinals, Yaneu (Horne), 6:06; 3, Varsity, Santopinto (Darling), 14:56; penalties, Costigan, Davis.

Second period—4, Varsity, MacKay, 17:26; penalties, Wismer, Costigan, Foster, Stark.

Third period—5, Varsity, MacKay (Santopinto), 7:47; penalties, MacKay (5 mins.), Brant (5 mins.), Costigan.

#### Leading Scorers

	G.	A.	P.	Pts.
Stanley (B)	7	18	2	25
MacKay (B)	16	6	20	22
J. Graham (C)	4	12	2	16
Chesney (B)	8	7	0	15
Yaneu (C)	10	4	4	14
Spencer (G)	7	6	0	13
Horne (C)	3	9	6	12
Walker (C)	5	7	2	12

## GREEN & GOLD

By Earl Moffat

At last one of our predictions has come true. The basketball team broke even on the game played at Manitoba. On Tuesday night they won a close decision after losing one by a similar margin the night before.

Word received from the team Wednesday to the fact that they are confident of victory at Saskatoon when they meet the Huskies on Friday and Saturday. The teams seem to be very well matched this year, all teams having won half of the games played to date.

The Huskies' hockey team arrived in town this morning, and seem very confident that they will be able to win at least one of the games with the "greatest ever" squad that the Bears have lined up for the encounters.

With Brent and McMorris leading the Huskies' attack, they should give the local team a real battle. One thing is certain, that the Bears won't be able to run wild as they did against the Bisons.

The Minnesota Daily, in the last issue received, stated that Manitoba Bisons were the strongest intercollegiate team north of the border. We attempted to convince them by letter that the Bears had a fair team as well as the Bisons. Possibly they were of the opinion that the two games played here were exhibition. The Bisons may appreciate it if they had been.

The Minnesota team claims to be the best in the States, and want to meet the Canadian champs. Maybe the Bears aren't the best intercollegiate team in Canada, but we would sure like to see the team that could beat them. It is too bad that the Bears can't arrange a game with the Gophers. It would settle all arguments between the two colleges. We hope that it can be arranged.

The southern college had a crowd of 8,500 at the last game played. With support like that, it would be thought that they could assure a visiting team of sufficient financial support to assure a game. It is hoped that the letter we sent them will draw results as soon as possible.

Did anybody know that hockey teams were superstitious? We didn't until Manager Bill Haddad of the Bears pulled a rabbit's foot out of his pocket. Bill informed us that the Bears couldn't lose as long as he had the token. He was really holding on to it securely on Monday night when the Bears won a close 3-2 decision from the Cardinals.

In closing: The Bears hockey team to win both games with the Huskies—basketball team to break even at Saskatoon.

### Saskatchewan Huskies Here For Halpenny Trophy Series With Powerful Golden Bears

Excellent Ice Conditions for Games on Friday Evening and Saturday Afternoon

HUSKIES CONFIDENT

The University of Saskatchewan Huskies arrived Friday morning, prepared to meet the Bears on Friday night in the first game of their two-game series to be played here. The game is scheduled to get under way at 8 p.m. On Saturday afternoon the two teams will again tangle at 3 p.m.

The Huskies feel confident that they will be able to at least break even in the series played here. They trimmed Manitoba in the two games played, and at that time they had only practised about ten times. Since then they have been working out two or three times a week, and report that they are in the best of condition.

The team hasn't been playing in any league to date, but has played two games against the Saskatoon Dodgers, who are classed as the best junior team in the west. In the first game between the two teams the Dodgers scored a 2-0 victory over the collegians. It was a closely fought game, with the Huskies having a few tough breaks. In the second game the younger club was again victorious, winning 8-6. The Huskies wilted badly in the last ten minutes of the game, when the Dodgers took over the lead.

The team is again coached by Reg Brehaut, who led the Huskies to the Allan Cup finalist back in 1924. He was coach of the Saskatoon Wesleys when they won the Western Canada title, when Clint Smith and Peggy O'Neill were members of the team. He led the Saskatoon Quakers to the Western Canada playdowns, and also coached the Saskatoon Crescents in the old Western Canada professional league. It is expected that this year's team of the Huskies will be stronger than last year's, even though they have lost Langford, their star goalie, and one of their star defencemen, who has joined the Saskatoon Quakers.

Replacing Langford in goal, the Huskies have Buckwold, who played junior for the Saskatoon Chiefs. He has been playing marvellous goal to date, and is expected to make things tough for the Bears.

George Brent is still with the team, and is captain this season. He was one of the big reasons that the Bisons suffered defeat at the hands of the Huskies when the two teams met in Saskatoon. He scored four goals and one assist in the first game, and was a real threat at all times. He is a defenceman and one of the smartest stickhandlers in the game.

Another star of previous series who will be seen in action is "Old Poison" McMorris. He was a member of the Saskatoon Chiefs when they won the Saskatchewan championship. McMorris is well known on this campus for his performances in the series played here last year.

The following are the thumbs and sweater numbers of the players: Seymour, Buckwold, goal, 20 years old. First year with the team; former Saskatoon Junior Chiefs and interfac. No. 4.

George Brent, defence, captain, 24 years old, 150 pounds, fourth year with Huskies. Former Wesley Junior. Star player on team. Strong defensively, and a smart stick-handling rusher. No. 2.

Bob Powell, defence, 23 years old, 165 pounds. Swift Current Indians and Weyburn Indians and Moose Jaw Junior Canucks. First year Huskies. Showing rapid improvement. No. 8.

Ivan Culham, defence, 28 years old, 17 pounds. Two years with Kenaston in Sask. Intermediate League. One year champions. First year with Huskies. No. 9.

Norm McLeod, defence, 19 years old, 185 pounds. Graduate from interfac ranks. First year Huskies. Plays plunging half on rugby team.

Ron Wycherly, centre, 23 years old, 163 pounds. Second year with team. Brother of Wycherly who plays in Manitoba junior circles. One of most aggressive players on the team. No. 7.

Bud Mahaffey, left wing, 19 years old, 140 pounds. First year Huskies. Two years with Wesley Juveniles. No. 10.

Glen Downing, left wing, 25 years old, 175 pounds. Four years with Huskies. Former defenceman, but one of the fastest men on team. Played one year with the Swift Current Intermediate Indians, one year with the Olds Elks in Alberta League. No. 5.

Park Rich, right wing, 20 years old, 145 pounds. Two years with the Wilcox Notre Dame Junior Hounds. First year with the Huskies. No. 1.

Jim Loughbridge, right wing, 22 years old, 180 pounds. Played defence last year. Second year with Huskies. No. 12.

Lawrence McMorris, centres second string line of Downing and Mahaffey. Nicknamed "Old Poison," "Snoozer," or "Muscles"; 20 years old, 180 pounds. Third year with the Huskies. Two years with the Saskatoon Junior Chiefs. No. 6.

### Arts-Law Top Swim Tourney--

A close victory was gained by the men and women of the Arts-and-Law team in an interfaculty swimming meet Wednesday evening, when they edged out the Med-Engineer-House Ec. combination with a score of 35 to 32.

Swimming for Arts-and-Law were: Bruce Keith, Neil Cuthbertson, Geo. Reid, Bob McDiarmid, Gubby Gore, and Mary Kelman, Beth Rankin and Ferne McKeage.

The Med-Engineer-House Ecceers included: Jack Flavin, Orville Wright, Norman McClary, Alan MacDonald, Ian Robertson, and Honor Evans, Gwyneth Shaw and Gerline Rowan.

Results: Ladies' 100 yards free style—1, Mary Kelman; 2, Beth Rankin. Men's 100 yards free style—1, Alan MacDonald; 2, Bob McDiarmid.

Men's 100 yards back stroke—1, Bruce Keith; 2, Jack Flavin. Ladies' 50 yards free style—1, Beth Rankin; 2, Gwyneth Shaw.

Ladies' 50 yards free style (2nd heat)—1, Mary Kelman; 2, Honor Evans. Men's 100 yards breast stroke—1, Bruce Keith; 2, Orville Wright.

Ladies' diving—1, Gerline Rowan; 2, Ferne McKeage. Ladies' style swimming—1, Mary Kelman; 2, Beth Rankin and Gwyneth Shaw.

Men's 50 yards free style—1, Jack Flavin; 2, Neil Cuthbertson. Men's diving—1, Ian Robertson; 2, Gubby Gore.

Women's side stroke—1, Honor Evans; 2, Gwyneth Shaw. Men's 200 yards free style—1, Bruce Keith; 2, Alan MacDonald.

Men's relay race (4-man)—1, Med-Engineer-House Ec.; 2, Arts-and-Law. Judges—Harvey Porter, Mike Fenjak.

Scorekeeper—Jim Marshall. Diving judge—Bob O'Brien.

### BEARS FULL STRENGTH FOR PUCK TITLE SERIES

The Bears will be at full strength on Friday night when they take the ice against the powerful Huskies. Clive Felstead, who has been out of action for the last three weeks, will again be seen in action. Clive had a thumb broken in a game with the Cards. He is expected to add greatly to the strength of the Green and Gold's first forward line. Clive takes his place with Stanley and Stuart.

Bud Chesney, who was not in action on Monday night when the team met the Army and Navy, will again pivot the second line between Crowder and McDiarmid. Bud had a sprained knee but is expected to be all right by the time the two teams take the ice on Friday night. Coach Stan Moher is confident that the team will win both games but is certain that the Huskies will be tough to trim. The Bears need to win here to take a good lead in the intercollegiate as the remainder of the games that they have to play will be played in five days.

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